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JOHN KEBLE
'THE MAN'
&
HIS WORK

AS A PARISH
PRIEST

BY ONE OF HIS
PARISHIONERS

AS A LEADER

BY CANON
KNOX LITTLE

AS A POET

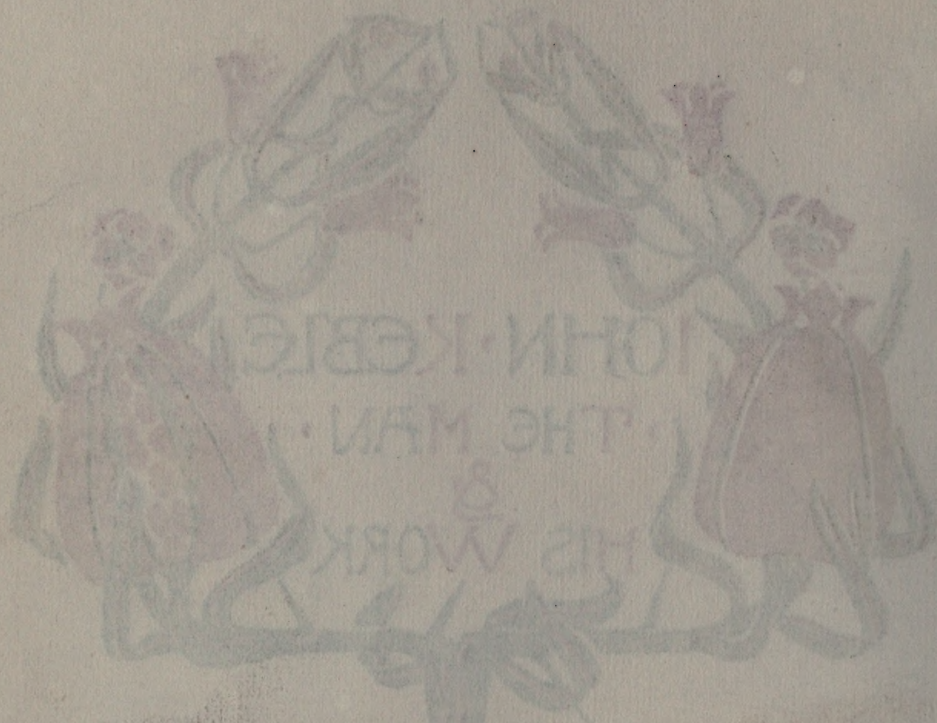
BY THE WARDEN
OF KEBLE COLLEGE

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THE TRIVIAL ROUND, . . .
THE COMMON TASK
WOULD FURNISH ALL WE OUGHT
TO ASK,

ROOM TO DENY OURSELVES; A ROAD
TO BRING US DAILY NEAKER GOD. ' '

A.H.



AS A POET
OF KERIC COLLEGE
BUT THE VAKDEN
KNOW LITTE
AS A LADDER BY CANON
PIEST
AS A PARISH BY ONE OF HIS
PARISHIONERS

TO BRING US ONLY NEARER GOD
TO DENY OURSELVES A ROAD
TO ASK
WOU DURNISH ALL WE OUGHT
THE COMMON TASK
THE TRINITY ROUNO

JOHN KEBLE'S WORK AS A LEADER IN THE CHURCH

HIS PART IN THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

By the Rev. W. J. KNOX LITTLE, Canon of Worcester

Dec 1903

WHAT is called the Oxford Movement was, in fact, a reassertion of those principles upon which the life of the Church depends. It has ever been a mark of the Church of Christ that it possesses within it what may be called a power of recovery. There have been very dark days in the life of the Catholic Church—such, for instance, as the black tenth century—and perhaps, in England, the seventeenth century; but the remarkable point is, that a revival has invariably come. This revival, Christians believe, has been the consequence of the Divine life within the Church.

In the early days of the nineteenth century Church life in England was in a precarious condition. Stirring times had begun. The eighteenth century had had its quiet days; the ideal of Church feeling and ministerial action had fallen low. There was, of course, piety, and doubtless there were many hidden saints; but priests had forgotten the responsibility of their priesthood, and Bishops had been yielding more than ever to the special temptations of their position. The Church was not in a condition to grapple with the increasing energy and stir of the times. If there was much good—as there certainly was—there was also the most fatal 'blot' that can be on the face of a society which is supernatural, and the centre of whose life is the Cross and the Resurrection, viz. 'quiet worldliness.' A large part of the laity were quite indifferent, except perhaps to the barest proprieties of religion; the Bishops were acting rather as peers than as chief pastors. Men had unconsciously been learning to think of the 'National Church' as if it were a special creation apart; a department of State, in fact; a useful adjunct to the moral police force of England, and not—as it is—

a part of the Catholic Church, with spiritual powers and a spiritual object, founded by Christ Himself. 'The typical clergyman,' it has been said, 'in English pictures of the manners of the day, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," in Miss Austen's novels, in Crabbe's "Parish Register," is represented, often quite unsuspectingly, as a kindly and respectable person, but certainly not alive to the greatness of his calling. . . . ' He was often a man 'not only of gentle manner, and warm benevolence, and cultivated intelligence, but of simple piety and holy life. But the fortunes of the Church are not safe in the hands of a clergy of which a great part take their obligations easily. It was slumbering and sleeping when the visitation of days of change and trouble came upon it.'

The Oxford Movement was a great revolt. It was a rising-up of the spiritual power within the Church to assert her true calling. This great rising came from the ranks of the second order of the ministry. The Bishops have scarcely ever, if ever—perhaps from the peculiarity of their position in relation to the State in England—been the leaders of such revivals, but rather the drags and the difficulties.

This revival has transformed the face of the English part of the Catholic Church, and gone deep down into its heart. To it, under God, are due the best efforts of religion, both in and out of the Church, in our own times.

All such movements take their rise from the living hearts of men, aroused and moved by the Spirit of God. There was, in the early years of the century, a splendid group of men in both the Universities, but more especially in Oxford, whose thoughts and efforts were at the root of the Movement. To all those who study the question such



Painted by Geo. Richmond

John Keble at the age of fifty-one

[Engraved by Sam. Cousins.]

names as Bishop Kaye, Mr. Le Bas, and Mr. Lyall, and above all Mr. Hugh James Rose at Cambridge, will at once occur. But it was a band of Oxford men who gave the real impetus and direction to the Movement. Among these the chief were Mr. Keble, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Pusey, Richard Hurrell Froude, Isaac Williams, Robert Wilberforce, Charles Marriott, W. G. Ward, Frederic Faber, J. D. Dalgairns, Mr. (afterwards Cardinal) Manning, and above all John Henry (afterwards Cardinal) Newman, who played important parts in it at different times. But of these by far the most important leaders, to whom the English Church owes an undying debt of gratitude, were John Keble, Edward Bouverie Pusey, and John Henry Newman. The influence of the first of these upon the Movement is our special concern now.

Although one of the most distinguished scholars in Oxford, and having won almost all the honours that the University could give, he possessed that force which is greater than scholarship, and comes from real humility, meekness, and simplicity. He is described to us by those who knew him best as possessing 'a temper of singular sweetness,' but—as is often the case in really great men—possessing such strictness of principle and such austere strength that men of less self-discipline, of greater roughness of manner, and more easily moved to show temper, were often surprised at his vigour when roused and the severity of his moral indignation against what he deemed to be wrong. He was of a retiring disposition. He had left Oxford for his country parish in 1823, and might have led a life unnoticed and unknown had it not been for the depth of his convictions, his strength of character, and the penetrating influence of his utter goodness upon a band of younger men with whom he was associated. Of these younger men one of the most remarkable was Hurrell Froude. He was a man of 'keenly tempered intellect,' of indomitable courage, and of great determination. He loved Keble. He was guided and influenced by him, and in turn he reacted upon Keble. He roused him by his own energy and en-

thusiasm, and he, with an eager and impatient temper, was constantly on the look-out for ways and means of making Keble's teachings effective.

For, indeed, it was Keble who had first grasped and brought forward the great *principles* which the Movement was to revive. It was he who awoke to the 'sober earnestness and dignity of the Prayer Book' as a standard and pattern of doctrine and devotion. There was at the time abroad in the country—in as far as there was any real religion at all—a popular system, which was vaguely called Evangelical Christianity, which 'was aspiring to dominate religious opinion, and which, often combining some of the most questionable features of Methodism and Calvinism, denounced with fierce intolerance everything that deviated from its formulas and watchwords.' All this Keble greatly disliked. He was a thorough Churchman, and he clearly saw how the Church of England was drifting from its position as a witness to revealed truth to the position of a National Debating Society, with a predominant inclination towards that form of unbelief or half-belief which would be called in modern times 'undenominational Christianity.'

Keble was, in fact, the founder and spring of the movement.

He uttered the first trumpet-clang of alarm in the celebrated Assize Sermon of 1833. His convictions, his ideas, and above all his character, gave a force and consistency and guidance to other men who were waking up to the terrible condition of the Church. Newman was without any doubt the greatest genius and the most brilliant and deep thinker amongst the giants of the time. It was Hurrell Froude who brought Keble and Newman to understand one another, and 'Keble's ideas and feeling about religion and the Church, Keble's reality of thought and purpose, Keble's transparent and saintly simplicity,' had a marked and marvellous effect upon Newman. It is true that Froude and Newman were bold in their originality, and active and public and aggressive, but their ideas and the shaping of their thoughts came from Keble. Even Pusey's transcendent

influence throughout the Movement gained something from the close and lasting friendship which existed between himself and Keble.

But besides being the originating spring of the Movement it was in a great measure to Keble that it owed—especially in its earlier years—its *tone*. He himself affected the men with whom he had to do in a remarkable way. It is thus that Dr. Newman speaks of him in looking back on the origin of the Movement:

'The true and primary author of it, however, as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? The first time that I was in a room with him was on the occasion of my election to a Fellowship at Oriel, when I was sent for into the Tower to shake hands with Provost and Fellows. . . . I bore [the congratulations] till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done to me that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground. His had been the first name which I had heard spoken of with reverence rather than admiration when I came up to Oxford. . . . Then, too, it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation, the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, admired and loved him, adding that somehow he was unlike anyone else.' Such a man was eminently fitted to give *tone* to the Movement which he practically originated. That tone has never altogether left it. Wherever the Anglican Church exists and has influence—allowing for fresh developments, many mistakes, unhappy episodes, and dreary failures, inevitable in the long years of the history of a great Church—still, what is so wanting generally in English religion, that same *tone* of sobriety, dignity, seriousness, brightness, reality, and in fact loyalty to the Unseen, has marked the Catholic Movement which in a great measure was stamped upon

it—or, rather, revived in it—in those early days by John Keble.

It was as the Movement developed into real struggle that the influence of such men as Keble was sure to tell. As the teachings of the early Tractarians began to exert a power in the University and the country they called forth, of course—as all strong movements touching principles and conduct and religion are sure to do—violent antagonism. In Oxford the Heads of Houses, who represented a lifeless conservatism, took alarm, and acted with a precipitancy and folly which led to serious results. The 'liberals'—absurdly so called—were on the warpath against Newman, and all whom Newman influenced towards a serious belief in Christian dogma. The Bishops were terribly frightened; and few, if any, of them were sufficiently large-minded, or knew enough of the true position and strength of the Church, to recognise the importance of the Movement and to act as guides. Anglican Bishops, for various reasons, have seldom been wise or far-seeing leaders, and at this time they were more than usually wanting. The treatment received by Mr. Newman is among the saddest stories of narrowness and unwisdom in the history of the Anglican Church. Had he been dealt with otherwise, by opponents, by the stupid crowd of 'Heads,' and by those in authority, it is possible that his secession—which Mr. Gladstone afterwards declared to be the most serious blow, probably, ever sustained by the Church of England—might have been averted. On the side of the Churchmen of the Movement there was rashness and some reckless conduct, aroused by unreasoning opposition and the unsympathetic attitude of the authorities.

Under these circumstances the influence of such men as Keble was perfectly invaluable. He had the deepest reverence for authority, and his view of the episcopal position was of the most exalted kind. This did not, however—as it is apt to do in the case of many men of the old High Church school—blind his eyes to the faults and mistakes of Bishops. Indeed, in spite of his intense reverence for episcopacy, in spite of

*Photo by Taunt***Keble's Birthplace, Fairford (born 1792)***Oxford*

his own opinion—‘that . . . the prerogative of deciding doctrine lay with the Bishops’—he taught that ‘As long as the formularies continue unchanged, I cannot see how the toleration even of heresy in this or that Bishop, or even in the whole Bench, can be other than a question of discipline, not of doctrine; and I thought it had been ruled, ever since the days of Donatus, that questions of discipline affect the well-being, not the being, of the Church.’ Still, his firm reverence for authority, his deep conviction that in the long run the Church would be guided through these troubles, while at the same time not denying wrong action on the part of the Bishops, helped to keep the Movement steady.

And plenty of troubles there were! The assault on Tract XC. seems to us strange enough now, seeing that its explanation of the Articles is now accepted as self-evidently true by any English theologian, or indeed any English Churchman, who understands the question. At the time, however, the assault

was violent. Keble took a characteristic part in the defence, and his wise words in a letter to Judge Coleridge, pleading ‘for patient reflection and inquiry,’ seem to have had their effect. Then came a more personal trouble when the then Bishop of Winchester refused to admit to the priesthood Keble’s own curate—partly perhaps from a wish to fall in with worldly opinion at the time, and, professedly at least, because of this clergyman’s belief in the doctrine of the Church as to the Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. This act of tyranny was borne by Mr. Keble with his accustomed meekness and quietude. His curate remained in deacon’s orders, while he himself had to fulfil all priestly functions in his parish; but the curate was finally ordained priest, some years afterwards, in another diocese. Then there were troubles arising out of Dr. Hampden’s attempt, when Professor, to crush out Catholic teaching by a side wind, and later by Dr. Hampden’s own appointment to the Bishopric of Hereford by the Prime Minister. Keble opposed the con-

firmation of the appointment to the utmost of his power, but, of course, in vain. None the less, this trouble brought good out of evil by leading to the foundation of what afterwards became the English Church Union 'to watch over the interests of the Church.' In the excitement caused by this Mr. Keble, as usual, was a steadying influence. And even more so in another case which arose out of the Catholic teaching revived by the Movement. The case was that of Mr. Gorham, who had denied the Church's doctrine, as stated in the Prayer Book, of Regeneration in Baptism. The Bishop of Exeter had in consequence refused to institute him. Mr. Gorham proceeded to appeal to the Dean of Arches, whose judgment was against him. The case was carried to the Privy Council, who reversed the judgment of the Dean of Arches. There was, in consequence, the gravest anxiety. Some leading men connected with the Movement—among them Mr. (afterwards Cardinal) Manning—went over to the Roman part of the Catholic

Church, believing that the Church of England was committed to heresy. Keble saw clearly enough that that was not the case. He may be said to have given the first impetus to that total disregard of the rulings of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council which has ever since been the attitude of loyal Churchmen, and which has helped to save the doctrinal position of the Church of England. On some minor points there seemed a danger for the moment of a divergence of action between him and Dr. Pusey, but the wisdom, humility, strength, and loving temper of the two men averted such a misfortune. There was no wavering in either of them on the main principles of the Movement.

The historian of Keble's life speaks as follows on Keble's action with regard to this *Gorham judgment*. He says: 'As soon as the judgment was declared, he circulated a petition in his parish, praying the Bishop of the diocese to help them, owing to the doubt which has arisen "Whether or no



Tanner]

The Quadrangle of Oriel College, showing Keble's Room

[Oxford

the Church teaches that it is needful to be believed that by the blood and merits of our Saviour Christ original sin is remitted to all infants in holy baptism?" — and this received over two hundred signatures, and was forwarded with a letter to the Bishop.

On July 20

he published another vigorous tract, entitled *A Call to Speak Out*, in which he urges that, 'though those who hold communion with the Archbishop after his sanctioning of the heresy would not formally be guilty of heresy, yet they must protest against his action and the Court. The State must allow the decision to be reviewed by a proper authority, or else the Church's rulers must disregard the decision. If not, we must agitate for a change in the relations of Church and State. We have a right to declare our own doctrines; to confirm, vary, and repeal our canons; to have a voice in the nomination of our chief pastors, and to grant or withhold our Sacraments according to our proper rules.' The same undaunted courage, clear view of principles, and religious meekness of temper characterised all his actions in relation to the teachings of the Movement, and all this imperceptibly and really told upon the whole body of serious Churchmen, and helped, even in the darkest hours and when many men's hearts were failing, to steady the minds of loyal Churchmen, and, together with the influence of such great men as Dr. Pusey and Mr. (afterwards Dean) Church, to prevent



Taunt!

Eastleach Church—Keble's first Charge, which he held for eight years

[Oxford

the Church of England, often tormented, often betrayed by Erastian rulers, from drifting into heresy and Erastianism. This may also be illustrated by one of the earlier struggles in Oxford itself. The opponents of the Movement had attacked Mr. Newman and practically silenced him. He had been driven into retirement at Littlemore, where he remained until his secession. Dr. Pusey was also attacked, and one of his University sermons—now recognised as a rich mine of Church teaching—was condemned, and he was suspended for two years by the foolish people in authority. This was borne by him with a meekness and manliness which aroused the respect even of opponents. With these two great men, suffering for a great cause from the injustice of others, Mr. Keble was in constant correspondence, and helped to support them under grave trials by his unflagging sympathy. It has been noted, however, that the practical silencing for the time of Newman and Pusey had left the younger men of the Movement without guide and restraint. In the pages of the 'British Critic' Mr. Ward and Mr. Oakeley were having a free hand. They—

especially Mr. Ward—stretched their principles to snapping-point. Extreme and ill-judged things were said. Mr. Ward was extremely able and extremely contemptuous of the narrowness and injustice of opponents. A great outcry arose about a book of his, and in consequence there was a proposal made to condemn the book and deprive him of his degrees. Mr. Ward was to be blamed, but his enemies were more blameworthy still. It was determined to condemn Mr. Newman's Tract XC. That move was defeated by the courage of Mr. Church (afterwards Dean of St. Paul's) and his fellow-Proctor Mr. Guillemard. Mr. Ward, however, was condemned. In both cases Mr. Keble voted against the proposals. He was not naturally inclined to sympathise altogether with Mr. Ward. He did not know him personally. He disliked and disagreed from many of his statements. His natural temperament and his whole tone of character made him shrink from a certain off-hand recklessness which was characteristic of Mr. Ward; but Keble was so great a man and so good a man that all this would never induce him to countenance injustice. Mr.

Ward, whatever his faults, was at least thorough and in earnest and entirely straightforward, and that appealed forcibly to Mr. Keble. A 'safe' man of the ordinary ecclesiastical type in such a crisis would have marched with the majority. Not so Mr. Keble: he threw himself into the breach. He defended Mr. Ward, in so far as he could be rightly defended, in a powerful pamphlet.

Nothing raised Mr. Keble's indignation more than the habit, too common among the authorities then, and not even yet gone, of meting out one measure of treatment to enthusiasm leading to exaggerations in one direction, and quite a different measure towards those acting in another. He felt that 'there was no security for impartiality where it was notorious that more flagrant inconsistencies with the truth passed unpunished.' Mr. Keble's latest biographer says, referring to this matter, 'When the (decree of) degradation had been passed, it is said that Keble refused, for a whole year, to wear his own Master's hood, so keenly did he feel the unfairness of the judgment.' Such examples out of many will perhaps serve to give some idea of the powerful influence exer-

cised by Mr. Keble on that great movement of religious thought which in these later days has saved the Church of England from falling from the truth and descending to the level of a more or less heretical sect. That influence was perhaps all the greater because he held no authoritative



Taunt]

Keble's Bridge, Eastleach Turville

[Oxford



Southrop Church (in charge, 1823-1825)

position. One of the most brilliant scholars of Oxford, a poet of no mean rank, a man of commanding character, he spent the greater part of his life and ended his days as a vicar of a quiet country parish. Men whose names are never remembered were the occupants of the Episcopal Bench, but this quiet country clergyman exercised a powerful influence upon the great movement

of religious thought which the Church's rulers could neither guide nor control.

The fact is that, not from him alone indeed, but greatly from him, the revival of forgotten principles took, as we have felt, its shape and tone. In spite of the various losses to the English Church there was, greatly through Keble's influence, a distinctly English tone in the Catholic Revival. It was not so in any cramped or narrow or 'national' sense. He never forgot—and, through him, the children of the Movement never forgot the fact—that the Church of England is nothing unless a part of the whole Catholic Church, but that to the English people she may be everything because she *is* part of the Catholic Church. He, almost more than any of the other great leaders of the time, except indeed Dr. Pusey,

brought home to the minds of men that this,



Taunton

Coin St. Aldwyn Church. (Curate here to his Father)

[Oxford



Southrop Vicarage

not her *national*, position is her *real* strength; whilst her national position gives, and should give her, of course, what I may call an English flavour. He brought home the absolute necessity of belief in an Apostolic Ministry, in Sacramental Grace, in the action, in Church ministrations, of the 'powers of the world to

come.' He helped men so to unite ethical principles with dogmatic teaching as to escape from the danger of 'mere dry dogma' on the one hand, and from that of a shadowy 'moral teaching' without religious foundation on the other. When he was born the Church was only half alive, and had practically lost the poor; but he by infusing into the whole Movement so much of his spirit of reality, thoroughness, courage, faith, sympathy, love, and strength, helped those of later days, who learnt principles from him, and the great men who with him worked the Revival, which were developed and carried to the poor and working classes of England, and have to a large extent not only saved among them Religion and the Faith of the Gospel, but also quickened the springs of Christian charity and philanthropy both within and outside the borders of the Church herself.

There is one important point which should not be left un-



T'ant]

Fairford Church; the Church of his Birthplace

[Oxford

noticed in estimating, in however slender a way, the value of Mr. Keble's influence upon the Movement, and it is this: Men are often tempted to talk or write of their Church in a narrow spirit of boastfulness

men's minds more clearly in England the great blessings of a Catholic possession and taught them to a certain extent—although that teaching is ever needed anew—that a true English Catholic Christian must long



Taunt

Interior of Fairford Church

[Oxford]

and strive and pray for that reunion for which our Lord prayed, and must beware of actions or tempers which lead to the continued separation of the English part of the Catholic Church from the rest of Catholic Christendom. This was essentially Mr. Keble's view and teaching, which he impressed upon the Movement. He taught that 'Our unity is that of a divided family,

rather than in a sober and measured tone of truth. We, the children of the English Church, love her and are bound to love her, because she is that part of the Catholic Body where our lot, by God's Providence, is cast. It is foolish, and it is untrue, to pretend that she has not her blemishes. It is wrong to forget that there has been a terrible 'family quarrel' in the Catholic Body on earth. It is wrong not to acknowledge that there are faults on both sides. It is vain and foolish to pretend that we are perfect (when, in fact, we are very faulty), and that the rest of the great family are altogether in the wrong. This has often been too much the temper—probably from their insularity—of English Churchmen. Against this delusion the Oxford Movement, amongst other things, may be said to have been a protest. It brought before

and therefore implies the duty of all the charity and tenderness which brothers would feel for each other. . . . The Church of Christ in England is a true branch of the Catholic Church; it retains the essential notes of a Church; but it is hampered by want of discipline, by toleration of error, by low ideals of life; hence it must be a Church in penitence and a Church under appeal to an Œcumenical Council whenever such can be summoned.'

In these directions the influence of this holy man told upon a very striking revival of religion in England. If now, with all her faults, the English Church is more alive than formerly to her true position and her real work, she owes it, under God, in great measure to the Oxford Movement and in no small degree to the influence exercised upon that Movement by John Keble.



JOHN KEBLE.

(After the Portrait by Richmond.)

KEBLE'S POETRY

By the Rev. W. LOCK, D.D., Warden of Keble College, Oxford

TWO extracts from the diary of Bishop Westcott, written in his undergraduate days, will serve well to introduce the subject of Mr. Keble as a poet. On January 30, 1846, he wrote: 'How very comforting are some of Keble's hymns! I owe more to that book almost than to any other—certainly that I have lately read. . . .' On March 14 of the following year: 'Keble, Wordsworth, Goethe. Is not the first the true poet; the second, a poet who felt that he had a mission to perform, but commenced from nature instead of revelation; the third, a sad example of those who, "though they might half heaven reveal, by idol hymns profane the sacred soul-enthraling strain"? ' These are striking testimonies from a thoughtful, serious undergraduate, written in a time of mental strain and perplexity; yet, while the first of them is absolutely true, in reading the second the true lover of Keble will fear the Nemesis of exaggerated praise. Genuine and perfect poet as Keble was, he was not a poet on the same scale as either Wordsworth or Goethe; he was incapable of a long poem; nowhere, except in one of the most beautiful of the poems of the 'Lyra Innocentium,' 'The Song of the Manna-Gatherers,' does he show the dramatic instinct, the power of describing a scene from a point of view not his own. He does not touch so wide a range of life or strike so many chords in the human heart as they do; he has not such a command of varieties of style. They are poets by profession, by life-long consecration, by mission, touching and retouching their work till it satisfied their artistic sense. He is primarily a teacher, a spiritual guide, a Churchman, a theologian, and a poet by passing inspiration, a poet for the relief of his own overcharged feelings, when stirred by the prospects or perils of personal religion or of Church life—a poet who seldom altered what he

wrote,¹ and shrank from its publication, and published all his work anonymously.

Yet, nevertheless, is he a genuine poet, and one whose work will live. It is an omen of this that only this year his 'Christian Year' has been reprinted in the 'Unit' Library, an honour which he shares with only Milton, Browning, and Burns, among English poets.² Of this genuine poetic feeling we will mark three characteristics:—

(1) The first springs out of his theme; he does not range far, but he pierces deep. The chord which he strikes in the human heart is the central chord; his theme is love in its purest form, love deep and not tumultuous, the love that links God and man, the love of God for man, the responsive love of man for God, the love of man for man; and this great theme he treats with such truthfulness, such simplicity, such reverence, that no word ever jars on the most sensitive soul. The child's trust in a father, the sinner's love for a Saviour, the willingness to wait in patience till God shall give light, whether in individual difficulties or in Church perplexities; the faith in prayer and intercession, the consecrating power of suffering—these have never found better expression, and probably neither Wordsworth nor Goethe would be so 'comforting' in a time of anxiety and depression.

¹ The photograph of the Morning Hymn which we reproduce offers a good illustration of one such change. The reader will notice that the fifth stanza, commencing 'Hence the poor sinner still has found,' does not occur in the printed editions; it is found in a proof-sheet of the first edition (reproduced in the photograph), but is not found in the first edition when published. It must have been struck out at the last moment, perhaps as dwelling too much on the sad side of life.

Another interesting change is to be noted in *The Christian Year* for Easter Day, which was first written:

'O day of days! and can my heart
No votive hymn to Thee impart?'

but was altered before publication into:

'O day of days! shall hearts set free
No "minstrel rapture" find for Thee?'

where the phrase 'minstrel rapture' has been borrowed from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

² This has given occasion to an interesting appreciation of *The Christian Year* in the Literary Supplement of *The Times* for September 25, 1903.

120.

Hymn III.

For the Morning.

His compass our feet not. They are
new every morning.

Lamentations III. 22, 23.

Gleams of the rich unfolding morn,
That ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell.

Then nothing breeze is fresh & gay,
That dances forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing
Whispers each little leaf to sing.

The fragrant clouds of dewy morn,
By which deep grove & tangled thorn
Say, for left rains in season given,
Their tribute to the general heaven.

121.

Waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankful, joyful sight?
The day by day to us awake,
Wisdom of Heaven & you partake -

Hence the poor sinner still has found
Aid but one dull unwearied sound,
And morn & eve half his course
That morn & eve beneath the sun.

Oh lonely happy lonely woe,
Hearts that with rising morn awake,
Sigh, that the gleam celestial sees,
Which evermore makes all things real.

Now every morning in the love
See us drawing and upward prove,
Through sleep & darkness light brought
And led to light & peace, a thought.

Morning Hymn

(Pages from a fair copy of 'The Christian Year,' written out by Keble for a friend)

The last two stanzas of the poem in 'The Christian Year' for Good Friday, which were in his mind on his deathbed, and which are reproduced in our illustration, are a good specimen of this power; and others will be found in the poems for the Sixth Sunday after Epiphany, Monday in Easter Week, the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, and the Fourth Sunday after Easter, with its touching opening:

My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing Thee? .
The watchful mother taries nigh
Though sleep have closed her infant's eye,
For should he wake and find her gone,
She knows she could not bear his moan.
But I am weaker than a child,
And Thou art more than mother dear;
Without Thee heaven were but a wild;
How can I live without Thee here?

(2) He touches the truest of all notes with delicate reverence of tone. But he does more than this, for he adds a catholic breadth of sympathy with the world and human life, and this is perhaps his chief significance in the history of English religious poetry. There was much of the same scholarly and human

feeling in Herbert and in Vaughan. But it had died out: religious poetry had become sentimental and timid. Beautiful and reverent as it is in Cowper, it yet remains with him the utterance of the oratory, of the soul alone with God and the Bible. Keble, too, is in his oratory, and his Bible is with him, but he has taken also the 'glorious lays' of immortal Greece, the inspiring annals of Church history, the beauties of modern English poetry.¹

He was writing poetry from 1808 to 1864; but his chief work was produced at three periods, when the fortunes of religion in England weighed upon his mind and the strength of his feelings found vent in poetic speech. The first of these is represented by

¹ In my edition of *The Christian Year* I have pointed out many phrases or thoughts which are conscious reminiscences of earlier poets. There are, however, two quoted phrases which I have not identified, and I should be glad if any reader can help me to identify them. These are 'The Churching of Women,' st. 2: 'A spouse with all a daughter's heart'; and 'St. Barnabas' Day,' st. 4: 'Pouring in showery times their glow of "quiet mirth."'

A great student of Mr. Keble's poetry, who writes to me from South Africa, has suggested a most interesting comparison between the latter stanzas of the poem for St. Barnabas' Day and Keats's Ode. The whole of each

'The Christian Year,' published in 1827, the earliest poem, 'Blest are the pure in heart,' having been composed in 1819, and the rest in intervals between 1819 and 1827. It is the period of much brightness, much simple delight in nature, much happiness, yet there is a tone of personal sadness, and of sadness for the Church. The Church is in decay; her enemies are gathering round her; the spirit of the world is in her. Will she revive? Will she be true to herself and to her Lord? It is the time before Tractarianism. The second period is represented by the poems in the 'Lyra Apostolica,' a shorter number, but full of fire, of indignation, of severity. They date from the commencement of the Tractarian time; they are the call to battle. In 'The Churchman to His Lamp' we see the Christian champion looking out his weapons for the fight; in 'The Gathering of the Church' we hear his call to his followers to join in the fray. There is nothing more vigorous in all Mr. Keble's work than this:

Wherefore shrink, and say 'Tis vain,
In their hour hell powers must reign;
Vainly, vainly would we force
Fatal error's torrent course;
Earth is mighty, we are frail,
Faith is gone, and hope must fail?'

Yet along the Church's sky
Stars are scattered pure and high;
Yet her wasted gardens bear
Autumn violets sweet and rare—
Relics of a spring-time clear,
Earnest of a bright new year.

poem should be compared, but the following parallelism will be sufficient to quote here.

KEBLE

'The saints, that seem to die in earth's rude
strife,
Only win double life:
They have but left our weary ways
To live in memory here, in heaven by love
and praise.'

KEATS

'Bards of passion and of mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth:
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?'

The same correspondent suggests a parallelism between the poem on 'The Redbreast' ('The Christian Year, 21st Sunday after Trinity') and Petrarch's Sonnet 317 (*Vago angelletto, che cantando vai*). In each case the similarity is interesting and suggestive, though it is hard to say whether there is a conscious imitation.

Israel yet hath thousands sealed,
Who to Baal never kneeled;
Seize the banner, spread its fold!
Seize it with no faltering hold!
Spread its foldings high and fair,
Let all see the Cross is there.

What if to the trumpet's sound
Voices few come answering round?
Scarce a votary swell the burst
When the anthem peals at first?
God hath sown, and He will reap,
Growth is slow where roots are deep.

He will aid the work begun
For the love of His dear Son;
He will breathe in them true breath
Who, serene in prayer and faith,
Would our dying embers fan,
Bright as when their glow began.

The third period is that of the 'Lyra Innocentium,' all the poems of which were

*His pierced hands in our wounds heal
His eyes from rude approachful gaze:
His ears are open, to abide
The wildest storm the tongue can raise:
He who with one rough word, "Some evil's dry,
Their lot would I them will sweep for aye away.*

*But we by fancy may disguise
Each fostering sin by fancy made;
Dove in some lonely hermitage,
Like wounded pilgrims, safely laid,
Whom gentlest breezes whisper souls distressed,
That love still lives, & patience shall find rest.*

*Lord of my heart, by Thy last gaze
Let not the blood or earth be spelt,
To at thy feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon the wound I see beat;
Upon thy streaming wounds my weeping eyes
Not like the parched earth in April skies.*

*With me, & Thy knee bitter tears
O let my heart not further roam,
Tis thine by roots, & hope, & tears,
Long since - O call thy wanderer home.*

Good Friday

(A page from one of the Notebooks containing the first MS. of 'The Christian Year')

written between 1841 and 1846. They were years of great anxiety; during them the claims of the Church of Rome to be the only true Church were being pressed; converts were passing over to her; Newman's own decision hung in the balance. But Keble's own mind had, indeed, out of his sympathy with Newman, felt the full attraction of the Roman appeal. He had felt the desire for a complete unity; the poem on 'The Waterfall' shows how he had pondered on the possibilities and true method of union; that on 'Mother out of sight' how conscious he was that English Churchmen fell short in true reverence for the Virgin Mother. Yet withal his own judgment had grown quite clear about the duty of loyalty; the ways of children had charmed him out of his perplexity; he had proved the reality of grace as he watched the Christian virtues growing in the baptized; he had known the blessing of forgiveness conveyed through her channels, and the result is a volume brighter and more hopeful than 'The Christian Year,' full of the thought of the healing powers stored in nature and the Church, and laying special emphasis on the virtue of dutious loyalty.

At all these periods, but especially in that of 'The Christian Year,' there is a wide outlook on the world, and a scholarly style steeped in the best Greek and English poetry, most frequently in that of Homer, Æschylus, Milton, Wordsworth and Scott. Architecture, music, country life, city life, the mountain and the sea, the nightingale and the red-breast, the rainbow and the stars, all teach their lesson and glow with the light of Heaven upon them. It is true that often he writes of them as from outside; he has no enthusiasm, for instance, for the bright, busy force of a great city's life, no sense of the brotherliness of a great crowd, no pride in its rush and movement. But neither is he the literary student who describes scenes for their artistic charm; rather is he like a parish priest, who offers to God the great offering of the Eucharist in some quiet village church, where the windows are so placed that he can turn his eyes and look on the beautiful handiwork of nature and hear the singing of

the birds, and perhaps in the distance see the smoke overhanging some busy town; and, as he looks, he sees all alike in the light of offering, of sacrifice, and of consecration. 'There is no light but Thine,' he meditates; 'With Thee all beauty glows': 'Nature sings of joy and hope alone'; Love *can* bless even in the crowded loneliness of that city, for

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime.
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.'

(3) This last verse leads naturally to the thought of the perfect melody that marks Keble's poetry. It is true that his work is uneven—that at times there are obscurities of thought; that in 'The Psalter' and in parts of the 'Lyra Innocentium' there is much that is stiff; yet, at its best, the lucidity of thought, the sureness of the rhythm, the rounded completeness of the poem as a whole, the winning melody of word and phrase, touch the highest level of poetic form. It is so with the verse just quoted; it is so with many of the poems in 'The Christian Year,' notably those for the First Sunday after Epiphany ('Lessons sweet of Spring returning'), Palm Sunday ('Ye whose hearts are beating high'), Wednesday before Easter ('O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will'), Second Sunday after Easter

¹ All the poems are found in four volumes, and the references in this article are to the following editions:

1. *The Christian Year*, edited, with introduction and notes, in Methuen's 'Library of Devotion.'

2. *The Lyra Innocentium*, in the same series.

3. *Miscellaneous Poems*, edited posthumously by Dr. George Moberly, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury (James Parker & Co., 1869). These contain (pp. 8-92) the poems which originally appeared in the *Lyra Apostolica* (where they were signed 'γ'), and many other poems, some quite worthy of *The Christian Year*. The latest serious poem is a fine hymn written for the meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Science at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1863 (p. 300). Those who possess this volume should note that on pp. 287-290, 'Easter-tide' is a misprint for 'Ember-tide.'

4. *The Psalter* (James Parker & Co., 1839; third edition, 1840). This is a translation of the whole Psalter into English verse. It is marked by close adherence to the original Hebrew; a few of the translations (e.g. Ps. xlv. and cxiii.) are vigorous and poetical, but none of them have won their way into Church use, and the great majority are prosaic and without distinction of style.

('O for a sculptor's hand!'), Fourth Sunday after Easter ('My Saviour, can it ever be?'), Second Sunday after Trinity ('The clouds that wrap the setting sun'), Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity ('Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies'); or, again, in the 'Miscellaneous Poems,' p. 262 ('Holy is the sick man's room'). In these and many others we would not wish to alter a word. The poet has said a true thing truly, beautifully, adequately; the inspiration has lasted through every line; there is spontaneity, freshness, a truthfulness of feeling from beginning to end. This melodious charm is perhaps even more marked in a few of the brightest poems of the 'Lyra Innocentium,' such as 'May Garlands' (vi. 2), 'The Song of the Manna-Gatherers' (viii. 2), 'The Offertory' (ix. 16), 'Continual Services' (ix. 17). Take for an instance those verses from the last-mentioned poem; with what a 'graceful motion' they themselves recall the rhythmic movements of the universe:

O endless round of Nature's wheel,
How doth thine untired course reveal
The universal spring
Of Power and Motion! Not in keen
And sudden startings, far between,
But smooth as sea-bird's wing,
Gliding unwearied, now in air
And now in ocean,
As though Life's only call and care
Were graceful motion.

Such are your changes, Space and Time,
Dying away in softest chime,
With gentlest intervals,
Aye lessening on the ear, and felt
As when into each other melt
The hues when evening falls.
Thus morn to morn gives silent place,
And bright stars waning
Gradual retire, while morn's still pace
On night is gaining.

His spheres, recede they or advance
Before Him in mysterious dance,
Keep tune and time; nor e'er
Falls from this lower world a wreath
Of incense, such as sweet flowers breathe
And vernal breezes bear.
Only man's frail, sin-wearied heart
Bears, half in sadness,
A wavering, intermittent part
In that high gladness.

Yes; we may safely prophesy that some of Keble's poems will live, and appeal to the

widest circle of lovers of poetry, to all who feel the beauty of nature, the true ideal of human life and the contrast of it with its actual failures and sorrows, and the love of God. But its special appeal is to Churchmen; they in personal grief or perplexity will find 'The Christian Year' 'comforting'; they will be taught patience, contentment, resignation; in times of ecclesiastical perplexity, when different bodies are making a claim on their allegiance, they will turn to the healing message of the 'Lyra Innocentium' and learn a wider outlook, a more hopeful patience, a more duteous loyalty. When zeal is languid; and the world threatens to invade and overwhelm the Church, the 'Lyra Apostolica' will revive its spiritual conception and hearten them for the fight. For that is true of all which is said expressly of 'The Christian Year' by its author—that it is steeped in the spirit of the Book of Common Prayer. Let the reader notice in our illustration the care with which the Advertisement to that volume was written. The original draft, preserved in the Library at Keble College, is written on the back of a letter inviting Mr. Keble to dine with the writer when he came to Oxford to examine for the Ireland Scholarship. On the left-hand side is the first draft, in which he had spoken first about his own object, and then about the spirit of the Prayer Book; on the right-hand side is the second draft, in which the order of the paragraphs is reversed; there he places first the way in which the authorised formularies of our Church secure at once a sound rule of faith and a sober standard of feeling in matters of religion; and then explains the history of the poems and their attempt to conform to this ideal. The poems aim at reflecting, and successfully reflect, this sober standard. Let me put side by side with this description of the Prayer Book another description given quite recently to Mr. Booth¹ by a clergyman working at a mission in a poor quarter of London. 'At this time, when our Prayer Book is so often spoken of in slighting terms, I feel bound to

¹ *Life and Labour in London: Religious Experiences*; Summary, p. 93.

bear testimony to its unique power and hold among the very poorest. The intelligence chiefly needed for our wonderful prayers and Collects is that of hardship, sorrow, penitence, and the like. . . . The Prayer-Book completely meets the deepest needs of our district, and gives the very moral fibre we so long for down here—so sober and so reverent, so strong and so subdued, so unflinching in its high standard, so balanced and dogmatic in its faith, demanding constant, regular, and sustained effort throughout the year; no sensation, no popular standard, no toning down of awful severity, no weak, indefinite, undenominational vagueness.' Such words are equally true of Mr. Keble's poetry. As I write them, I feel that I have not done justice to the element of 'awful severity.' Let any reader turn to the poem for the Second Sunday in Lent in 'The Christian Year,' to that on 'The Cradle Guarded' in the 'Lyra Innocentium' (ii. 15), to that on 'The Athanasian Creed' in the 'Miscellaneous

Poems' (p. 41), he can illustrate it for himself. With one such warning note—the poem entitled 'Presumption' ('Lyra Innocentium,' iv. 2), I will close.

Dear child, to thee the tale is told
Of him who robbed the poor man's fold.
Thou listenest, and with scorn and ire
Thy quivering brow is all on fire.
Thou think'st, O never, sure, on me
So foul a blot shall angels see.
For joy thou hold'st thy eager breath
To hear him doomed—he dies the death.

But mark, young David was as thou,
A generous boy with open brow;
With heart as pure as mountain air
He carolled to his fleecy care;
With motion free as mountain cloud
He trode where mists the moorland shroud,
From bear and lion tore the prey,
Nor deemed he e'er should rend as they.

Such was his dawn; but O! how grieve
Good angels o'er his morn and eve!
He that with oil of joy began
In sackcloth ends, a fallen man.
Then wherefore trust youth's eager thought?
Wait till thine arm all day hath wrought.
Wait humbly till thy matin psalm
Due cadence find in evening calm.



Taunt]

Coin St Aldwyn's, where much of Keble's Poetry was written

[Oxford

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. KEBLE AT HURSLEY

By AN OLD PARISHIONER

THE village of Hursley, situated in lovely country about twelve miles from Southampton, has many historical interests besides that of being the village where John Keble was vicar for thirty years. At the south end of it the lane called 'King's Lane' runs into the high road between Southampton and Winchester. This lane, as shown by its name, is that along which the body of William Rufus was taken in a common cart to Winchester Cathedral. According to local tradition the body fell out of the cart on the outskirts of the village of Hursley; but that is of course unauthenticated by history.

The beautiful ruins of Merton Castle in Hursley Park, with the earthworks, enclosed well, and traditional subterranean passage, all speak of former days. The castle was the residence of the former Bishops of Winchester, and was built by Bishop Henry de Blois, brother to our King Stephen, though the earthworks and fortifications are probably of a much older date. The view from the castle ruins is curiously similar to the scenery in the 'Adoration of the Lamb' by Van Eyck. In later times Hursley attained to another historical interest, the property being bought by Oliver Cromwell

for his son Richard, who, finding himself unequal to filling the office of Protector of the Commonwealth after his father's death, retired to Hursley Park, where he resided until his death at a good old age, and now lies under the altar of the church at Hursley. The writer of this paper, when a child, knew

an old lady who was born in 1792, who remembered being taken in very early childhood to see a very old man who, when a very little boy, had held the gate open for Richard Cromwell to go to the meeting-house. Now there is no Dissenting chapel in Hursley, but a church filled with parishioners of all ranks. Inside the church, on the front of one of the chancel steps, is a modest brass, which Richard Sternhold of poetic fame put up to his wife, who is buried in the church or churchyard.



John Keble, Vicar of Hursley

(A rare Photograph)

My earliest recollection of Mr. Keble is that of being carried into Mr. and Mrs. Keble's room by my nurse, when just dressed in the morning, and being placed between them on the pillow to be played with. Also, on the same visit, of his getting down under the drawing-room table to play with my sister and myself. And when at dinner my chair was too-low for my small stature, about three

**Hursley Church**

years of age, Mr. Keble fetched a large folio of St. Chrysostom's works for me to sit upon, remarking to my mother with a smile that 'he hoped I should imbibe some of it!' Mr. Keble's intense love of children from earliest infancy was one of the most beautiful traits of his character. It arose from his own saintly, simple, guileless soul, which seemed to bear out our blessed Lord's words, 'Except ye become as little children' &c.; and truly his example

shows, especially to those who knew him personally, how a man of great learning, high

**Hursley Vicarage, showing steps on which Keble, Newman, and Pusey met for the last time**



Village Street, Hursley

on the unconscious babe. No matter whether it were the child of the squire or of the humblest peasant, his loving care and intense earnestness were the same. His tenderness for the babe always caused him to take out his silk pocket handkerchief, and put it ready on the edge of the font, in order to dry off any water which after the triune affusion might trickle down inside the little frock or the lace

poetic talent, and a leader of men's souls can be at the same time most truly 'as a little child.'

'The Christian Year,' the 'Lyra Innocentium,' and his other poems are full of the deepest spirituality and personal love to our blessed Lord, which was indeed the keystone of his whole life. His rapt demeanour when celebrating the Holy Communion is never to be forgotten by those who watched him continually week by week. His great reverence and almost awe when baptizing an infant was also most beautiful. He seemed to realise in no small degree the greatness of the act, and the wondrous regenerating grace which through his humble ministrations flowed forth

cap (then always worn, and not taken off even for the baptism). And the loving, tender—one might say reverential—gaze which he fastened on the child while receiving it into the Church, and signing it with the cross, made one intuitively feel and understand the pure innocence of the im-



Another View in the Village

mortal soul, *just* washed from original sin in the holy baptismal water. He always gave the infant the 'kiss of peace' ere handing it back to its sponsor.

Mr. Keble went down to the boys' or girls' school every morning, I believe, and gave them instruction in secular as well as religious teaching. (Those were the days of village schools under the priest and the squire's lady!) He also used to catechise the elder children after the second lesson at Evensong in summer, which was always held at 3 P.M. on Sundays, winter and summer alike. The first class of boys (including the surpliced choristers) one Sunday and the elder girls the next Sunday stood in a semi-circle round the chancel arch, where he stood and catechised them, repeating their answers aloud for the benefit of the congregation, who thereby profited greatly. And he dispensed with a sermon when he catechised.

He approved of quiet village recreation in the later hours of Sunday afternoons after Evensong. But he always had the service in the afternoon, saying that we must give the best of our Sunday to God, and after He had had our best hours we might use the rest of the day in quiet restful recreation. So in the summer evenings the park was thrown open to the villagers: cricket was al-

lowed there. The youthful villagers played, and the elder ones with the mothers and babies sat and looked on. The two village inns (the only public-houses) were kept by most respectable men, both of them communicants and in the choir. We used often to meet Mr. Keble walking through wood or lane to visit his parishioners (the parish being a very scattered one), devoutly reading his

little Bible as he went along. I recollect one or two walks with him, in which he allowed me to talk to him on deep spiritual subjects. One of these walks was to a distant cottage on the downs, beyond a lovely beech plantation, where he went to baptize a sick child. I was much impressed by the earnestness and solemnity and beauty of the scene, and also by the reverential care he showed in himself pouring away the water into the earth



Hursley Church—Interior

outside the cottage after the holy rite was ended. Mr. Keble used to hold up infancy as an example to be followed, and I recollect a sermon of his on 'My soul is even as a weaned child,' in which he spoke of the infant having learnt self-denial by being weaned, and how a Christian must practise self-denial and mortification if he would attain to the holiness necessary to enter Heaven. I also remember vividly one of his later sermons on the text 'Thine eyes

shall see the King in His beauty,' in which he bade those take comfort, who had to lament their inability to see the beauty of scenery abroad, in the thought of the 'Land which is very far off,' where our eyes, though debarred from much earthly beauty, would see 'the King in His beauty,' amid scenes which the heart of man could not at present imagine in the least degree.

Another conspicuous trait in Mr. Keble's beautiful character was his sympathy with trouble in any form. A baby sister of mine, aged three days, died almost suddenly in the night. My father ran down in his dressing-gown and slippers and fetched Mr. Keble, who arrived just in time to baptize the little one. He then, when the little pure spirit had departed, went to my mother in the room adjoining, and prayed by her bedside. And though this was about 3 A.M., on Sunday, he found time to come up to our house after the 7 o'clock celebration and his breakfast, to

see my mother again and pray by and with her before Mattins at 10.30, and meeting me in tears in the hall (I was then about fourteen) he kissed me most tenderly, and said some loving words of comfort and sympathy.

Another time I was out riding on my donkey, with my father, and while the latter had gone into a cottage for a minute, my donkey took fright and kicked, thereby throwing me off. Mr. Keble coming by at the moment, before my father could come to my help, picked me up with gentle, loving, soothing words, kissing away my tears of fright in the most fatherly manner. He was at the same time full of fun, and always had some word of drollery at right seasons. My father, who was his churchwarden for years,



The Keble Memorial Cross in Otterbourne Churchyard, showing Charlotte Yonge's Grave

came in one day laughing, and told us that he had been going over the church accounts with the Vicar; and, there being a halfpenny to the good, Mr. Keble exclaimed (like a boy), 'Well, let us toss for it!' and then re-

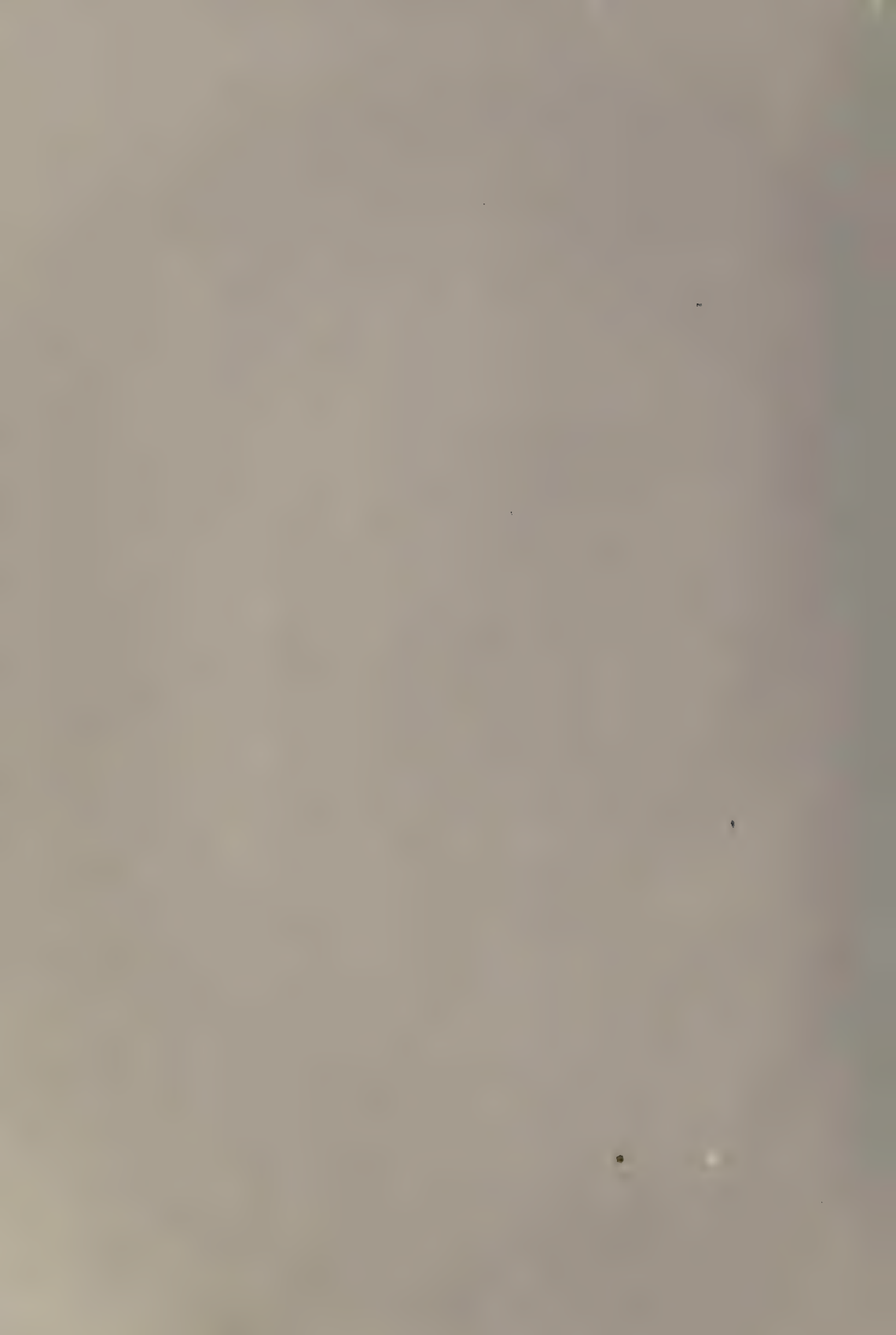
marked, 'I wonder what the world would think of the Vicar of Hursley tossing for a halfpenny with his churchwarden!' Another time he and my mother were talking about the date of the visit of Bishop Gray of Cape Town to Hursley Vicarage a few years previously, and Mr. Keble exclaimed, 'Let me see, it was when my present cat was a kitten.' On my mother's expression of amusement at this fixing of a date, he told her that the kitten had been very fond of scrambling up into the Bishop's lap *via* the episcopal legs, which, when clothed in silk stockings, was not exactly agreeable to the Bishop—and this had impressed itself on Mr. Keble's memory.

The graver side of Mr. Keble's life and character is described elsewhere. He was as careful in the most ordinary details of parochial work as in the more weighty matters in which he influenced the Church in those earlier days of revival. He taught most carefully his candidates for Confirmation, beginning his classes six months before the Confirmation, teaching the children of the

educated class by themselves, and so apportioning his instruction according to the capacities of his pupils that none should lose anything which they could understand and appreciate. After the Confirmation, and before the first Communion, which usually took place on the Easter Day following, he still continued his instructions, carefully teaching his beloved children even to their outward actions at Holy Communion. Mr. Keble was loved intensely by his parishioners, most of whom were conscious of something more than usually holy in their Vicar. One old labouring man wrote some feeling and pretty, though somewhat rugged, verses upon him after his death, showing what influence his saintly and guileless life of quiet work had had upon the soul of a humble peasant. His 'Christian Year' brings comfort and peace to all who read it, and the 'Lyra Innocentium' is full of the deepest devotional thoughts, and gives exquisite glimpses into a soul which can never be fully appreciated until it is known in the full light of the saints in the Beatific Vision.



John Keble's Grave, Hursley



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JOHN KEBLE, THE MAN AND HIS WORK

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JOHN KEBLE, THE MAN AND HIS
WORK

